DIVINE PHILANTHROPY.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.]

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DIVINE PHILANTHROPY:

H. Beatson (G.)

OR THE

LOVE OF GOD.

A POETICAL ESSAY.

I will ſing of the MERCIES *of the* LORD *for ever.*

PSALMS.

LEEDS:

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A SERIES of DIALOGUES

ON THE

DIVINE CHARACTER

AND

SATISFACTION of CHRIST.

THE PREFACE.

THE ſubject of the following Poem is the moſt intereſting and delightful that can fall under the cognizance of the human mind. All our happineſs, both in this world and the future, is entirely involved in it. For, had not the God of Love compaſſionated us in our ſinful ſtate;—had he not made ample proviſion for our deliverance from it, and revealed that way of deliverance to us, not the ſmalleſt ray of ſubſtantial bliſs had ever pervaded the human breaſt.

YET alas! how little is this all-engaging, all-important theme attended to! Pleaſures, of the loweſt and moſt debaſing kind, are purſued with avidity; while the nobleſt of all pleaſures, and which is the moſt congenial to the nature of man, the contemplating of the Love of God, is in a great meaſure diſregarded. Knowledge, both of a philoſophical and political nature, has, as ſhould ſeem, almoſt reached its Meridian, and diffuſes its rays in every direction; but Divine knowledge is ſhamefully neglected, and its patrons comparatively few.

CONSCIOUS of the ſalutary effects produced by the knowledge of Divine Love, and deſirous of a more intimate acquaintance with it, I have carefully attended to that Sacred

Volume

Volume, where alone it is diſcloſed to us; and the reſult of that attention, is now ſubmitted to the inſpection of the public.

THE reader will ſoon perceive, on the peruſal of the poem, that it is built on the foundation of that Diſtinction in the Divine Nature, which has generally been repreſented by the term TRINITY. A Diſtinction which, in my judgment, is clearly revealed in that Divine Book, which is profeſſedly the rule of a Proteſtant's faith. It is not, however, my intention in the leaſt, to attempt the *proof* of that doctrine, any farther than as it may appear by conſequence from what is advanced in the following pages.

ALL who believe in Divine Revelation muſt admit, that The Love of the FATHER

—The Love of the LORD JESUS CHRIST—and The Love of the SPIRIT, are distinctly and separately spoken of in the sacred Oracles; and, consequently, that these expressions have some meaning. If they have (and who will be bold enough to assert They have not) they sufficiently justify the distribution that is made in the following Essay; and afford a decisive proof to every ingenuous mind, That the Love of EACH of the DIVINE THREE, may be distinctly and separately treated of. For, how differently soever persons may conceive of those phrases, it must surely be allowed by all, that there is a propriety in the mode of representation, otherwise the scripture must be totally rejected.

THE instances of Divine Philanthropy insisted on in the subsequent pages, may not

perhaps prove ſatisfactory to all. I do not expect they will; no not even to all thoſe who *have known and believed the love that God hath to the ſons of men.*

Some, it is probable, will think, That there are many diſplays of it entirely omitted, which ought to have been produced as parts of the whole.—To ſuch I would obſerve, That in ſo ſmall a work (and it was never intended to be larger) on a ſubject ſo immenſely prolific, many things muſt of courſe be omitted which might have been inſerted in a larger volume. It is hoped, however, that the moſt ſtriking features of that Divine Portrait, will be found exhibited to view, in one part or other of the following pages; though the ſmaller lines, which, in the opinion of

ſome, might have given additional beauty to the piece, do not appear in it.

OTHERS, again, perhaps may think, That by far *too much* is ſaid; and that the Love of God is by no means of that Sovereign, Free, and Unchanging nature, in which it is repreſented in the following Eſſay.—To perſons of this claſs I would reply, That I have deſcribed it honeſtly, as it appears to my own mind from a cloſe attention to the Inſpired Volume; and though it might have been more univerſally acceptable, had ſome things been omitted which are particularly inſiſted on, I could not in that caſe have acquitted myſelf of diſingenuity, in drawing a veil over that part of Divine Philanthropy, which, in my view, ſhines with the greateſt luſtre.

— To

To thoſe who may be diſpoſed to aſk, Why I have repreſented my thoughts in verſe? I anſwer, Becauſe it is more pleaſing than proſe to my ear, and makes a deeper impreſſion on my mind; and I believe there are many others who are conſcious of the ſame effects from it. The melody of verſe, it is confeſſed, will by no means compenſate for a poverty of ideas; though even in that caſe it is not wholly without effect, as every one who hath a muſical ear will readily own. Where then ſublime ideas are cloathed in harmonious expreſſions, they muſt ſurely excite more powerful emotions, and animate the ſoul in a greater degree, than they poſſibly could in a different garb. *Blank* verſe too, I have preferred to *Rhyme*, becauſe it appears to me far more congenial to whatever is of a ſerious or elevated nature.

It has frequently been affirmed, That Imagination and Fable are the ſpirit of poetry; and perhaps, were there not any truths to be found equal to what the imagination can paint, the aſſertion might be admitted as conformable to truth. But, as many of thoſe important objects which the Divine Being hath revealed to us in his word, infinitely tranſcend the boldeſt flights of human genius, they muſt ſurely, when cloathed in a poetical garb, far ſurpaſs the inventions of men.

The inventive powers, it is allowed, when brightly diſplayed, will give delight to the mind of a reader; but theſe, how pleaſing ſoever in themſelves, ought not, in my apprehenſion, to be equally indulged when the ſubject is of a Divine nature, as they may when the

the theme relates to inferior objects. Nor is there equal reaſon that they ſhould. A poem written in honour of ſome of the fictitious deities of the Heathen, or in praiſe of ſome of thoſe tyrants of the human race, who, by depopulating cities and laying whole countries waſte, have been dignified with the title of Heroes, may indeed require all the force of genius and the powers of invention to throw any degree of luſtre on them, or to perſuade mankind that any benefits are derived from them; and it is principally by the perception of theſe efforts, that an intelligent reader derives a pleaſure from the peruſal of ſuch a poem: But in what relates to Divine ſubjects, the Revelation that God has favoured us with (being the very ſource of light) ſhould, I think, be our only guide; nor ſhould any

conjectures

conjectures ever be admitted beyond the bounds of that ſacred Code.

THE province of imagination then, in themes of this kind, ſeems to be confined entirely to the decorating of them; and attains its ſummit in thoſe noble images which, when preſented to the mind in vivid colours, have ſo powerful and pleaſing an effect on it. And even with reſpect to decoration, it ſeems to me, That a ſubject which of itſelf fills the mind with its importance, beauty, or grandeur, appears to the beſt advantage in a dreſs entirely plain, provided there be nothing inelegant or incongruous ſeen in it. This being the principle I have kept in view, in the compoſition of the ſubſequent Eſſay, ſhould any reader expect to meet with what is purely

ideal,

ideal, he will, I believe, ſo far at leaſt, be entirely diſappointed; ſince there is not, that I know of, a ſingle thought in the whole poem, which relates immediately to the ſubject diſcuſſed, but what appeared to me either expreſsly aſſerted in ſome part of the Bible, or naturally to grow out of it.

REFERENCES to the particular parts of ſcripture alluded to in the courſe of the work, are not indeed made at the foot of the pages as they might have been, partly becauſe they would have conſiderably ſwelled the ſize of the piece, and partly becauſe they were thought unneceſſary; ſince thoſe readers who are acquainted with the contents of the Bible will readily recur to them, and thoſe who are not, would have little inclination to conſult them

them though they were ever ſo minutely ſpecified. The ſubject of the Poem has not, that I know of, been pre-occupied by any, or at leaſt in the manner that is here purſued; whether it will be generally acceptable time alone muſt determine, and to a calm, diſpaſſionate peruſal I cheerfully ſubmit it.

To collect the ſcripture repreſentations of the Love of God into one view, and to paint it in ſuch colours as may have a tendency to attract the heart, is the profeſſed deſign of the following lines. Should this end be attained with reſpect to any reader, it will give a real pleaſure to

The Public's well-wiſher,

JOHN BEATSON.

HULL, February, 1777.

DIVINE PHILANTHROPY.

THE INTRODUCTION.

DIVINE PHILANTHROPY! Thy nature, riſe,
And qualities all-glorious form my theme!
Enraptour'd by Thy lure, myſelf to Thee
Solely I here devote; of Thy high deeds,
Thou heavenly Power, with many a well-meant lay
Greatly adventurous ſing.——Thy noble acts
Far nobler ſtrains deſerve, than human powers
Though of ethereal product e'er could reach.
But oh! accept the well-intended verſe,
The warm effuſions of a heart impreſt
Deep with the thoughts of Thee! Let this attempt
Thy beauties to diſcloſe, with many a charm
Strike many a heart, and every power engage!

Such bonds how manly! how divinely ſweet
Thy all-attractive lore! Even Thy conſtraints
The mind with pleaſure fill, and towards her reſt
Like a reſiſtleſs torrent bear her on.

But that the ſubject may inſtructive prove,
And warm the heart with truly genuine fire,
Such fire as glow'd within thy generous breaſt
Sweet Bard of happy Iſrael——this to' effect
Let variegated Fiction, with her train
Of ſpurious Beings, fertile fancy's brood,
Be baniſh'd far; thoſe pages ne'er diſgrace
Devoted ſole to Thee, Celeſtial Love!

Thy glorious Contents, Volume All-Divine!
Where ſacred Truth in every ſingle page
Glows in her native luſtre——where her beams
Divinely bright, on every pious breaſt
Strike majeſty and love, be the ſole Fount
Whence I the wondrous Theme attempt to draw.

THOU heaven-deſcended Book! Thy ſhining truths
Wide o'er the world diffuſe a glorious light
(Unſeen till Thou art known) and chaſe away
The night of ignorance long regnant there.
Error at Thy approach immediate falls
Prone on the ground, as Dagon 'fore the ark,
And owns thy matchleſs power victorious ſtill!

ETERNAL SPIRIT! Thou ſource of heavenly truth,
Whoſe beam ethereal clearly can illume
An earth-born reptile, darken'd by the veil
That o'er his viſual ſenſe fell Sin has ſpread;
Of heavenly light deign one bright ray to grant
His mind to raiſe, that far above dim earth,
As with an eagle's flight, his ſwelling thought
On contemplation's wing to heaven may ſoar,
And learn the ſubject he preſumes to ſing!
Large field of moral and religious uſe!
Angelic choirs this theme with rapture view
And hymn its praiſes ceaſleſs through the ſkies!

Majestic and sedate the verse advance
While grandeur, beauty, order, fill the mind.
But when th' impassion'd scenes the Muse presents
Vivid the strain; seraphic ardour glow
In every line and fire the listening heart!

SAY first, What could th' *Eternal Essence* move
This Universe immense, in all its parts
Replete with various creatures, first to form
Or call it out to birth?——Could painful want
Of happiness complete and infinite,
Arising from the lack of social bliss
Corrode His boundless Mind? No; He is blest
Completely in Himself, nor wants the aid
Of any creature, man or seraph bright
His heart to solace or His bliss enhance!

WHAT then should be the cause? Say heavenly muse!
Methinks Thy voice attemper'd sweet replies
HIMSELF alone; His Pleasure and His Praise!

The birth of nature ſolely pendent there,
And all her various works, immenſely great
And modified ten thouſand different ways,
Own their Creator's Glory as their ſource
And that great End illuſtriouſly promote.

But chiefly Man; endued with wondrous powers,
The nobleſt, beſt, of all the works of God
Creation's head he ſtands; Above the reſt
Form'd to converſe, by humble, frequent prayer
With his Divine Creator as his Friend?
Noble prerogative! excelling far
Whate'er the whole Creation elſe enjoy'd!
Love gave him Being, love his ſoul adorn'd
With every Virtue, human and divine,
Which as a conſtellation beauteous ſhone!
Thron'd on his brow ſat Innocence and Truth,
Majeſtic pair! ennobling all his frame
That bore his Maker's Image deep impreſt.

The new-form'd creature, thus with honour crown'd

And heaven-fam'd glory, Sovereign of the world
Sudden is joyful hail'd: Like Joſeph's ſheaf
Upright he ſtands, while every creature round
At humble diſtance low obeiſance makes
And ſeems to venerate his illuſtrious form!

HIGH in his Maker's favour, ſource of joy!
Completely bleſt he ſtood; nor e'er had felt
The cruel ſhafts of ſorrow ſhelter'd there.
But ſoon, alaſs! defection ſeiz'd his heart,
Defection vile, that, like a whirlpool deep,
In woe's moſt drear abyſs him ſtrait engulph'd.
Nor him alone; his hapleſs progeny,
Innumerous as the pearly drops of morn,
Are all with him involv'd: By his offence
Juſt condemnation comes on all his Seed
As all are counted one with him their Sire.

THUS all mankind in miſery's pit are ſunk;
A pit horrific, like the midnight's gloom

Or Egypt's darkneſs, where no beam of light
To illume the drear abode is ever ſeen.

Guilty and ruin'd, helpleſs and undone,
Stript of their priſtine glory, Adam's race
Wholly deprav'd now lies——Sweet innocence,
The ornament of intellectual minds,
Hath quitted her abode, and wing'd her flight
Deſirous to explore ſome happier clime.

So ruin'd lies in ſcatter'd heaps ſome Dome
The pride of ancient times, where Syrian king
Or Perſian ſatrap liv'd in barbarous pomp;
The maimed buſt, the mouldering ſtone, the arch
By time corroded, and th' inſcription dull
Confeſs its wonted grandeur laid full low.

In this deep gulph of woe and dark deſpair,
Stern Juſtice urging her moſt dread demands
For ever might have kept us; baniſht far
From Thee, Thou fount of bliſs; and of Thy love

Life's animating ſoul wholly depriv'd.
Moſt dreadful thought! nor dreadful more than true;
And not leſs juſt than true, ſin's dire deſert.

Ah! heart-affecting ſtate! Could ſorrow ſeize
A breaſt angelic, tears how natural here!
How lovely once thy well-form'd nature man!
But now, alaſs! how chang'd, how greatly fallen!
The Gold is dim, the fine gold turn'd to droſs,
The ſtamp of Heaven defac'd, its beauty loſt!

But where Thy Glory, *Great Philanthropiſt!*
Were man in endleſs woe thus left immerſt?
Her dreadful ſword Thy Juſtice might uplift
And direly execute the righteous doom
Incurr'd by ſin:——Thy Power too might appear
Nobly conſpicuous, puniſhing our crimes
Of deepeſt dye in realms of dark deſpair.
But where the glory of Thy Grace and Love,
Thoſe darling Attributes, which to diſplay
Illuſtrious, was Creation's nobleſt end?

Had

Had Adam and his progeny remain'd
In misery's chain fast bound, curst Satan's prey,
That heaven-tun'd Song, that Anthem of the skies,
" To him that lov'd and washt us from our sins
In his most precious blood," had ne'er been sung.

But O transcendent Grace! Thy pitying eyes,
Eyes, that proclaim Thee born for Princely acts,
Black crimes to pardon, wretchedness to help,
Beheld us in our woe; nor saw in vain
But mov'd Thee kind relief at once to give.

Long ere the birth of Time, or ancient Earth
Had rear'd her massy head; or ere the Stars
Shone in the glowing concave, Thou, O Love,
Self-moving didst commiserate our distress
And find a ransom suited to our woe!

Th' *Eternal Three* by Thy kind influence mov'd,
Man's glorious restoration firm to' effect

Jointly

Jointly combin'd: In which important work
A ſhining part Each bears, that nobly bright
The Attributes of Deity diſplays,
Man's happineſs immutably ſecures;
Proud Satan's ſchemes with dread confuſion fails,
And ſin's malignant nature clear unfolds.

The Plan to draw of this ſtupendous work
Free from defect, is, Heavenly Wiſdom, Thine;
To Thee it ſole belongs, and every part;
So well adapted its great end to' attain
Diſcovers Thy perfection, and diſplays
Thy beauteous form to all.——As once the rays
Of cheering light, while ſcatter'd wide around
The forming world, at firſt but faintly gleam'd;
Till all collected by Almighty power
And fixt in one great centre, bright they ſhone
With undecaying luſtre: So thy rays
Celeſtial Wiſdom, glimmer in the works
Of wide-extended nature; but the plan

Of

Of man's redemption, to a glorious point
Collects them; where in meridian glory, full
In view of every creature, now they ſhine.

And as the Sacred Three are here concern'd;
As each a glorious part diſtinctly bears
In this all-perfect work, by love induc'd;
The love of Each our warmeſt praiſe demands
And higheſt admiration. To diſcloſe
Thoſe high tranſactions, and the mind to fill
With praiſe and wonder, be my preſent aim.
For praiſe and wonder chiefly men were born,
Endu'd with powers congenial to the work,
And theſe t' excite, Celeſtial Love, is thine.
'Tis thine the imagination to delight;
'Tis thine the nobleſt paſſions high to raiſe,
And ſweetly move the will towards God and heaven.

PART I.

ON THE LOVE OF THE FATHER.

THY Love, *Great Sire!* our ſong doth firſt demand
As firſt its acts are ſeen: Thy great Decrees
More firm than brazen mountains, to the full
Fraught with the higheſt good towards ruin'd man,
Clearly haſt Thou reveal'd; nor aught withheld
That might Thy Glory or our peace promote.
And as revealed things to us belong
Humbly to ſearch, our grovelling hearts to raiſe
Towards Thee the Source of bliſs; above the reſt
Thy great Deſign of love, Eternal, Sure,
Unchanging as Thyſelf, our cloſeſt thoughts
And higheſt admiration juſtly claim.

O Glorious

O Glorious Purpoſe! Thee we own the fount
Whence all the golden ſtreams of heavenly bliſs
Which glad the hearts of men perpetual flow.
Struck by thy charms with grateful minds we admire
Thy firm unchanging nature, which enſures
To myriads of our race an endleſs life
Of higheſt bliſs in realms above the ſkies.
The glorious Goſpel where the nobleſt truths
Shine with uncquall'd luſtre ſprings from Thee;
Thy nature it unfolds, and clear reveals
The vaſt profound of good in Thee contain'd.

Nor ſhould Thy ſovereign Choice be paſt unſung
All-Gracious Father! nobly bright it ſhines
Projecting to the view with beauteous rays
Attractive, and from all the choſen race
The higheſt praiſe demands.—Ye rancorous minds
Who heaven's high will oppoſe, ſuſpend your hate;
And ye grace-conquer'd ſouls whoſe every power
To your *Great Sovereign*'s word obedience yields,

Attend;

Attend; oh! deign to hear Election's birth,
Its nature, fruits, its objects and its ends:
Weigh well its various parts, then calmly say
Whether its aſpect be not all divine!

Do we its Birth explore? From Thee, O Love!
Its noble Parent, Being it derives,
Thy firſt-born child; to Thee it kindred claims
And every feature ſhows thoſe claims are juſt.
Its near alliance further to evince
And mark its high deſcent, Thy Name it bears
Announc'd by heavens high throne, that loud proclaims
Its near relation genuine and approv'd.

Its Nature do we aſk? A choice of men
From Adam's ruin'd race to endleſs bliſs.
Where choice is not, Election ne'er exiſts,
And where the whole are taken, How a choice?
Why are we told of names diſtinctly mark'd
In records of the Skies, ere time began?

Why,

Why, but Election's nature to unfold,
And our obſcure Ideas brighter make?
Are *all* enroll'd in the Lamb's Book of Life?
Are *all* ſo known as *ſome* are ſaid to be?
Moſt ſurely not; a choice of guilty men
Bright as the day, in God's own Book appears.
Expreſs'd in various phraſe and different parts.

WHY then doth He find fault? Who, his high will
Did e'er reſiſt?——Reply not thus to Him
O man: Remember what *thou art*, who thus
With arrogance exclaims! a worm of earth!
A ſwelling atom! He whom thou arraign'ſt
At thy tribunal, earth and heaven's Supreme!
Still doſt thou urge the charge? My heart recoils
At ſuch enormous pride! Vain man! deſiſt.
Let Potſherds of the earth their ſtrife confine
To fellow potſherds, equal with themſelves;
But ah! with Him, to whom when once compar'd
Nations to nothing ſhrink, no more contend,—

Thy

Thy blindneſs own and bow thy will to His:
Attend a leſſon taught thee from above
Thy ſtubborn heart to bend to heaven's diſpoſe.

HATH not the meaneſt Potter o'er his clay,
A power quite uncontroll'd? By his own will,
From the ſame common maſs, with dexterous hand,
Doth not he often mold, for different ends
His different veſſels? *This* he forms with care
For noble uſes; *that* he inſtant ſhapes
With ſovereign pleaſure for a meaner end:
And who for this condemns? His right who doubts?

SHALL then ſupreme dominion, by a man
Frequent diſplay'd, remain quite unimpeach'd—
And ſhall the Sovereign Lord of heaven's domain
Be charg'd with baſe injuſtice!——Far be it!
What, if His Wrath to ſhow, and Power diſplay,
The Bleſſed God, with much long-ſuffering, bear
The inſults of His creatures——What, if then,
Mercy abus'd, and goſpel grace contemn'd,

Thoſe rebels He conſign to endleſs woe—
Muſt He *thy* pleaſure aſk? Muſt he delay
To vindicate His honour, and his wrath
Hold in reſerve, till leave from *thee* obtain'd?
Ah! ceaſe thy cenſures, murmur not at Him,
Whoſe perfect Juſtice will be full diſplay'd
Before th' aſſembled world; when all will own
Thoſe veſſels doom'd to wrath, were by themſelves
For that deſtruction fitted, thro' their ſin.

WHAT, if oppos'd to this, the Great Supreme,
The riches of His glory to diſplay,
Appoint a number of our ſinful race
His Mercy to obtain——What if he wait
And long endure their ſins, till by His grace
He form them for Himſelf, as veſſels meet
For Him to uſe, and then receive them up
To heavenly manſions of ſublimeſt bliſs——
Muſt He, O man, apologize to *thee*
For His proceedure? How canſt thou expect
A Sovereign's choiceſt acts ſhould be expos'd

To

To every petty ſubject!——Know thy place:
To His decrees with humble mind ſubmit
Nor His high counſels cenſure: Reſt in *this*,
That no unrighteouſneſs can be in Him;
That Juſtice is the baſe of His high throne;
And *that* the earth's Great Judge can ne'er do wrong.
Retire into thyſelf, thy weakneſs own,
And acquieſce in His all-wiſe deſigns
Towards ſinful men; reſign thyſelf to Him
And all His choiceſt mercies are thy own.

ELECTION's Objects next our thoughts require,
Nor are thoſe objects difficult to find:
Thy glorious contents, bleſſed Book of God!
Their Character and State preciſely ſhow.
Sinners, theſe ſay, apoſtatiz'd from God,
In dreadful woe engulphed, the objects choſe
By Thee, Compaſſionate Sire!—But what is view'd
In them this choice to' obtain? Are not their works
Or characters regarded? Not at all:
No merit here, nor any beauty ſeen

Attractive of eſteem; no virtuous lure
Is heard: No cauſe in them for preference given,
All equally deform'd. Were Merit view'd
As influential here, Grace were ſhut out;
Her agency deny'd; no more ſhe's own'd,
Since works and ſhe can never coaleſce
As cauſing man's ſalvation, one muſt reign.

Ye choſen heirs of bliſs! I aſk of you,
What motive found ſuch wondrous love to gain?
Methinks ye inſtant ſay, "None, none in us;
Wholly deprav'd we lay, by nature all
Deſerving endleſs wrath, as ſinners born.
No better we than others, prone to ill,
With rapid ſteps the downward road we trod
Out-ſtripping many in the way of ſin:
The Sovereign Will of God alone we view
The cauſe of all the Mercy on us ſhown!"

But though this choice be alien to deſert,
Though neither Faith nor Holineſs foreſeen

Its

Its cauſe, it both enſures; from it both flow;
Their only genuine fount; and like a ſpark
Aſcending to the Sun, glad own their riſe,
Returning to their ſource with rapid flight.

ELECTION's Fruits, to heavenly-temper'd eyes,
Appear divinely precious: Cluſters hang
O'er guilty mortals; pardon, peace, and joy,
Thoſe fragrant bleſſings, hence are freely pluckt,
Which glad the joyleſs hearts, and heal the minds
Of ſin-dejected men. Nor are its fruits
Leſs ſweet, Great Sire! to Thee: A humble heart,
A grateful, tender, grace-admiring mind,
To Thee devoted, and in Thee rejoic'd
Its native product; fruits of higheſt worth
And greateſt beauty, ſo eſteem'd by Thee!

ITS all-important Ends we laſtly ſing:
Ends, that diſcover worthineſs of birth,
And loud proclaim its kindred to the ſkies!
Thy ſovereign, free, and undeſerved Grace,

Almighty Father! fully to diſplay
In th' eyes of all, its firſt and grand intent,
Subordinate to this, its kind deſign
Man's happy reſtoration, to a ſtate
Of holineſs and peace; on high to raiſe
His grovelling mind; and that adoptive grace
He may receive on Earth, till ſoon as meet
A throne of brighteſt Glory he enjoy!

Is this Election's ultimate deſign?
How friendly are its looks towards ruin'd man!
View'd in its native colours ſuch its charms
As deeply ſtrike the heart, and all its powers
Strongly attract: It, like the glorious ſun,
Salubrious rays diffuſes wide around.

O ye diſtinguiſh'd ſouls, whoſe hearts have felt
The power of goſpel truth; whoſe minds renew'd
True holineſs purſue, here fix your thoughts;
Election's Author praiſe in hymns of joy!
The cauſe is great; your happineſs is ſure,

Built on a rock which neither flood nor ſtorm
Can ever ſhake, th' unchanging Will of God.
Predeſtin'd, call'd, and juſtified complete
Glory is yours; your title's gladly own'd,
Your ſafety full enſur'd! Who dares to fix
An impious charge? 'Tis God that juſtifies
Who ſhall condemn? What power ſhall diſannull
His firm Decree? Immutable it ſtands
Though men and fiends attempt its overthrow!

Nor you, ye Mourners, let your minds deſpond
As though Election barr'd your free acceſs:
Its aid it offers drooping hearts to cheer,
And gives relief to thoſe by ſin diſtreſt.
Well underſtood a ſource of joy it proves
To helpleſs ſinners; calms tempeſtuous minds
Diſpelling every gloom that rankles there.
What though you're vile, and highly guilty too,
Deſerving endleſs wrath! be not caſt down:
For 'tis the guilty, 'tis the vile and mean
Election favours; they its friendly aid

Embrace with pleaſure, while the rich and proud
Reject with high diſdain its bleſſings free,
The poor and needy find in every age
Its kind aſſiſtance; faith ye greatly want
Wrapt in its boſom from on high it brings,
And freely gives to ſinners ſuch as you!

NOR only GRACIOUS FATHER, haſt Thou drawn,
Profound in wiſdom, and ſecure in truth,
The Plan of man's redemption; nor alone
Them Choſe to endleſs bliſs——but to complete
The grand deſign, to the Great Shepherd's hand
The love-elected flock haſt freely given;
To be by Him dear-ranſom'd, fed, and ſav'd.

THINE firſt they were, *Great Sire!* by Thy free choice
Markt as Thy own; and far above the reſt
Foreknown with kind regard: Theſe by Thy gift
Become the Saviour's portion: His reward
For all His woe-markt toils; on them He looks
With complacential eye, as from this hour

His

His dearest Friends, his Children, yea His Bride.
Attendant on the gift, ALL-POTENT SIRE!
With humble deference may we not suppose
Thy will (if verbal made) as thus expreſt.

MY dearest Son, Thou know'ſt my high regard
For those whom I have choſen; well Thou know'ſt
Their Names, State, Number, and My fixt intent
To reſcue them from death: The way thou know'ſt,
The only way, in which delivering grace,
Conſiſtent with the honour of My Name,
Can be conferr'd. Thy will, their wretched cauſe
Freely to undertake, I alſo know
And high approve. Confiding ſole in Thee
Their glorious Surety, here I freely give
The whole collective number; to Thy hand
Their cauſe I glad commit; to be redeem'd
By Thee, from death and hell—form'd for my praiſe—
Waſht from their deep pollution—from their foes
Inviolate preſerv'd—and, on demand,
Preſented faultleſs at My glorious throne
Free from defect in number, or in form.

THIS taſk, though arduous, Thou ſhalt well perform
Relying ſole on Me: My powerful arm
Thee to ſupport, and give Thee conquering ſtrength,
Signal will I diſplay. My Servant Thou
Shalt hence be gladly call'd: My great Domain
I delegate to Thee; a ſovereign power
O'er all my creatures freely I transfer;
That all, by Thee o'er-rul'd, Thy grand deſign
May mutually ſubſerve, and be conſtrain'd
To bow their ſtubborn wills to Thy command.

NOR only power Thy Enemies to rule
Do I confer, but promiſe Thee my Grace
Invincible, the ſtony heart to melt
And form entirely new: My Spirit ſhall,
On Thy behalf, be copiouſly diffus'd
On all thy numerous Seed, their minds to raiſe
From love of ſin, to Thee their glorious Head,
My great deſigns of love towards ruin'd men
Shall He reveal, and fix on many a heart:
Thy glorious undertaking full diſcloſe

In all its charms; convince, convert, and lead
Thy dearly purchas'd people ſafe to heaven.

THE veil of darkneſs ſpread o'er human hearts
He ſhall rent off; a day of glorious light
Pour on the darken'd mind: Our royal Seal
Fair on my choſen ſons with power impreſs
Their dignity to ſhow, and them aſſure
Of intereſt in Our love.—Their minds thus form'd,
Bright to the world Our glory to diſplay,
And power of truth diſcover, He ſhall join,
In neareſt ties, by bonds of Chriſtian love,
Their hearts and hands: So join'd, they ſhall be call'd
Churches of Thine, and Thou triumphant reign
O'er thoſe divine aſſemblies, King confeſt.

THERE ſhall our praiſe be ſung, Our honours known,
Our grace diſpenſt, and choiceſt bleſſings given:
There, as their parent-ſoil, ſhall many a child
Of Thine, their vital breath with joy reſpire:
There ſhall Thy flock in ſweeteſt paſtures feed

And

And drink of living ſtreams: There ſhall they grow,
In faith, in hope, in love, and every grace,
Taught by Thy holy Word; which bright to' unfold
A faithful, zealous race of holy men
Will I raiſe up, and by My Spirit fit
For that important work. Theſe Paſtors call,
Which under Thee ſhall feed thy well-lov'd flock
With heavenly knowledge; till, by gradual ſteps
Advancing, they arrive to that full ſtrength
Required to fit them for their place above.

Nor while the world endures ſhall theſe decay,
Invincibly preſerv'd; no hoſtile power
Of earth or hell ſhall ever them deſtroy
Or break their faith to Thee. Succeſſive form'd,
Succeſſive Churches ſhall be ſurely rais'd,
Till all theſe ſheep are gather'd to Thy fold:
Then ſhalt Thou bring the whole with ſongs of praiſe,
Dreſt in the beauteous robes of love and joy,
To thoſe abodes of bliſs I now appoint
As their eternal home. Here they ſhall reſt

From

From every toil: Thy face enraptur'd ſee
Shining with Godlike beauty; all the bliſs
That natures form'd as theirs can e'er enjoy,
Endleſs ſhall they poſſeſs; and my rich grace
Their praiſeful lips employ when time's no more!

THUS is Thy love, FATHER OF ALL! diſplay'd;
Thus nobly bright it ſhines: The ſealed book
Open'd by Thee, Thy richeſt grace unfolds
And ſhows man ſav'd in purpoſe ere he was!
What human line can meaſure love like this!
Love! that ne'er had beginning nor ſhall end!
Its vaſt dimenſions mortal thought ſurpaſs
As far as heaven does earth! Let what is known
Dilate, exalt, refine, the yielding heart!

PART

PART II.

ON THE LOVE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

NOR would I ſing Thy Love alone, Great Sire!
But Thine, *Eternal Word!* which like a brook
Fed by a living fount, towards ſinful man
With unremitted ſtreams perpetual flows.

BEFORE old Ocean his decree receiv'd
His limits due to' obſerve; or ſun, or moon
Was form'd; on man's apoſtate race Thy love
Firmly was fixt. With joy didſt Thou engage
In his behalf, redemptions painful taſk
Invincibly to' effect, and generous fix
The ſtar unſpher'd in its own heaven again.

NOR

Nor didſt Thou ſhrink at danger's dread approach:
For though thou knew'ſt the dreadful price was blood,
Tho' ſtern-brow'd Juſtice her bright-flaming ſword
Held high uplifted, as a firm-built tower
Thou ſtood'ſt immoveable; nor could her threats
Thy ſtedfaſt mind appall. The covenant race
By free donation Thine, wretched thou ſaw'ſt,
Seeing didſt love, loving didſt interpoſe;
'Twixt God and man the Mediator's part
Gladly didſt Thou aſſume, the dreadful breach
Between thoſe diſtant natures firm to heal.
In gracious accents thus the Saviour ſpoke
When firſt as man's Redeemer he appear'd.

O Righteous Father! pitiful like Thee
I view man's ruin'd, guilty, helpleſs ſtate;
And from My love, ſelf-moving, unimplor'd,
His Ranſom voluntary will become;
Eſpouſe his hopeleſs cauſe, and glad engage
His ſtedfaſt Subſtitute. Thy righteous law
Diſhonour'd foul by ſin, I will obey,

High magnify and honour: Its dread doom
On Me inflict: The woe 'gainſt man denoune'd
I'll freely bear, the greatly-injur'd rights
Of heaven-born Juſtice amply to reſtore,
And all Thy Attributes in ſaving man
By My own death will in the high'ſt diſplay.
The fire of love within My glowing breaſt
Flames ſo intenſe, that neither floods of woe,
Nor ſeas of keeneſt wrath, can e'er abate
Its ſelf-increaſing ardour ſtrong as death.

He ſaid; and at the full appointed time,
When worldly wiſdom ineffectual prov'd
To lead a ſoul to God, our nature took;
Made of a woman, ſubject to the Law,
That thoſe by law condemn'd through faith in Him
Might be deliver'd, and receive by grace
Adoptive favours as the ſons of God.
The long-expected promiſe now's fulfill'd
The Seed appears in whom all lands are bleſt.

Now

Now lo! Th' Eternal Word by love impell'd
Leaves His all-glorious ſeat, and deigns to ſtoop
Down to a ſervile ſtate; poor He becomes
Us ſlaves to free from ſin's corroding yoke,
To make us rich in ſolid, laſting bliſs,
And lift deprav'd affection up to God!
Moſt glorious emprize! To redeem the loſt
Is worthy heaven and great Meſſiah's reign!

This arduous work to' effect, as long foretold,
He's of a Virgin born, of low degree,
Though from the ſtock of David lineal ſprung.
Though born a King on David's throne to reign
His anceſtor renown'd, the honours due
To princely blood, by birthright juſtly claim'd,
Are ſhamefully withheld. The brutal ſtall
Where fed the labouring ox, or ſlaviſh aſs,
(Unnatural comrades) doom'd His natal place;
So ill-requited all His matchleſs love!
Inhoſpitable Bethlehem! Could thy gates,
Of old ſo juſtly fam'd for kingly birth,

No better treatment give? How undeſerv'd
To bear thy David's name! whoſe generous breaſt
By grace ſuffus'd, the wretched oft reliev'd,
Pouring the welcome balm with liberal hand.

DEGENERATE race! would no maternal eye
Behold the heavenly babe! no hand outſtretcht
For its reception, or the Mother's aid!——
In ſuch a plight had Poverty herſelf
Stood at your door, hard would have been the heart
That could refuſe admiſſion: But to ſlight
With unrelenting minds God's only Son——
His beſt-beloved Son——is baſe indeed!
Unheard-of cruelty! and loud proclaims
Your callous hearts of heavenly grace devoid.

NOT ſo are yours, ye Shepherds, peaceful ſwains!
Like him of old who once his father's flock
Near Horeb's mountain tended, when a buſh
Burning in flames, yet unconſum'd he ſaw,
(Emblem of thee O Zion!) and heard a voice

The voice of Abraham's God——To Pharaoh go
And for my choſen ſons deliverance aſk:
So ye, of God much favour'd ſtrait behold
A heavenly form deſcend; a voice ye hear
Shrill through the air, proclaim the welcome news
So long expected, Great Meſſiah's Birth.
High o'er your heads the meſſengers of heaven
The Saviour's Advent hail! Their joy to' expreſs
Ten thouſand ſeraphs ſtrike their heavenly harps,
Sweetly attun'd; their ſong ye rapturous hear,
Nor can ye e'er forget the pleaſing lays.
" Glory to God on high, ſweet peace on earth,
" And great Good-will to wretched ſinful men!"

RIGHT to the place with quicken'd ſtep ye haſte
Where lies the world's Deliverer: Glad ye view
The heavenly babe, in ſwaddling cloaths enwrapt,
And join th' angelic ſong with paſſionate ſtrains.

NOR are your hearts, ye Eaſtern Sages, hard,
Nor blind your eyes; taught by the wondrous ſtar

From diſtant parts ye come, through deſarts wild
Scorching and dangerous, fearleſs of all harm
Secur'd by well plac'd zeal. At length ye reach
Old Salem's joyous gates, and ſtrait diſcloſe
Your noble errand: Where, O where is He
Who's born of Jews the King? His ſtar we've ſeen
High in the Eaſt, with many a ſplendid ray
Down darting, towards this greatly favour'd land;
And with profeſt intent we all are come
To pay our homage low before His feet!

To Bethlehem now directed, ſoon the ſtar
Before ye ſaw, bright-ſhining re-appears;
And like the fiery pillar fam'd of old
As Iſrael's ſafe conductor, points the way
Ye wiſh to find; nor e'er eludes your ſight
Till to the friendly roof, whoſe needful aid
Your Saviour now enjoys, it guides your feet!
Stunn'd with amazement ſtrait ye wiſtful view,
The world's illuſtrious Sovereign fam'd ſo high,
Clad in a veſt devoid of gold or gems

And

And tended by the poor!—At Herod's court
Ye doubtleſs thought the new-born King to find;
In royal robes adorn'd, in honour laid,
And as mankind's Deliverer gladly hail'd!
Unknown the page prophetic which declar'd
That like a tender plant from ſome dry root,
The Saviour ſhould appear. But though amaz'd,
Offended ye were not; wiſely convinc'd
The honours Heaven confers, ſuperior far
To thoſe of mortals: Conſcious that the God
Ye humbly ſerv'd, would never thus have own'd
A vile impoſter as His only Son.
Struck with the ſplendour of majeſtic rays
Proſtrate ye fall the Saviour glad to' adore
And own the preſent GOD! With grateful hearts
Ye hail His birth, confeſs His Name DIVINE,
And worſhip at His feet; nor your beſt gifts
Deny to offer Him. Thrice happy ye!
Though not within the pale of Salem's courts,
High favour'd of your God: Though amply fraught
With various wiſdom, not too nicely wiſe
To honour the REDEEMER of your ſouls.

Look here vain boaſters of ſuch faith refin'd
As to a mortal *only* would degrade
Life's Sovereign Lord! Ye reaſoners of our day,
Who, fraught with light, even Socinus himſelf
Have out-ſocinianis'd and left behind:
Who from your Lord (ſo call'd) would fain withhold
All Chriſtian worſhip; pardon if one aſk,
Is your ſuperior wiſdom grown ſo high
To o'ertop thoſe Ancient Worthies? Oh deſcend,
Nor call true worſhip falſe, but learn of them
(If not paſt learning) what ye now deſpiſe,
Leſt ye be found amongſt the Saviour's foes!

But though theſe pious men, divinely taught,
Messiah's glory ſaw: the greater part,
In wordly ſchemes and prejudice immerſt,
No comelineſs appearing in His form
To their ſin-jaundic'd eyes, ſet Him at naught.
Glad to His own He came, His choſen ſons
Of Abraham's extract, parent tender, dear,
To God and man; but this degenerate ſeed

Receiv'd

Receiv'd Him not: They with invidious eye
Beheld their great Deliverer; ſtill replete
With hell-born malice, Satan-like, contemn'd
His ſacred Perſon; and His precious life
Intent on doing good, unwearied ſought.
Such fell perverſeneſs dwells in human breaſts!

PHILANTHROPY DIVINE throughout His life
Bright to the eye appears in various forms:
See, ſtand amaz'd in extacy the croud,
They liſten, and ſalvation's muſic hear:
See, the ſad objects of Dœmoniac power,
They writhe, they foam, they wallow on the ground;
Satan, his reign foreboding ſhort, renews
His malice impotent in different ways:
The Saviour ſpeaks, black hell obeys the voice
And her dread king his ſubjects quickly leaves,
Trembling his heart with equal rage and fear.
See, Lazar wretchedneſs receives a cure;
Leaps the infirm exulting loud for joy,
And on the blind her charms kind nature pours.

Where pale diſeaſe erewhile the cheek conſum'd
Health blooms in ruddy fragrance at His word:
Th' unſated grave gives up her priſon'd dead
At his command; the mouldering bones are rais'd,
They ſhake off death as ſleep and mock his ſcythe.
Nature herſelf obeys; her ſettled laws
Are inſtant chang'd; ſhe liſtens to her God
Suſpended, and His nod ſubmiſs attends!

But though the Saviour's life be all Divine,
Though Godlike actions hourly He perform,
And proof on proof of heavenly favour give,
Contempt, reproach, and ſorrow are His lot!
The Jewiſh rulers fill'd with luſt of pride,
And bitter envy rankling in their hearts,
Conſpire His death. Satanic arts they uſe
Their purpoſe full to' effect; but all in vain!
His work He muſt complete; the goſpel preach
In various cities; call the poor and mean
Back from the ways of ſin: the captives looſe
And pour ſalvation's bleſſings o'er the land.

The hour at length approaches the dread hour
Fixt by Divine Decree, when Life's Great Lord
Muſt die: Nor merely die, but die a death
Doom'd for the ſlave, and juſtly deem'd accurſt;
High on a croſs to hang, as though unfit
To' enjoy a place on earth to breath his laſt.
O Love immenſe that ſtoopt to woe like this!
And ſtoopt for rebels, traytors up in arms!

To die for ſuch as Godlike virtues crown'd
Had not been unexampled: For a man
Beneficent and kind, whoſe generous heart
Full-fraught with ſympathetic pain, diſtends
At ſight of human woe——whoſe bounteous hand
Accuſtom'd long the wretched to relieve
In numerous tents of grief has oft convey'd
Soul-ſoothing peace——for ſuch a man perchance
Some might be found, warm'd with a grateful ſenſe
Of favours multitudinous receiv'd
Would boldly dare to ſacrifice their lives
To ſave their Benefactor:—But to die

For flagrant rebels, traytors up in arms,
Who with keen malice fir'd, attempt to uſurp
Their Sovereign's throne—and die the Prince Himſelf
This is unparallel'd indeed! To this
No ſimilar inſtance ever can be found
Were nature's archives ſearch'd from end to end.

On this deep-tragic ſcene my heart be fixt;
Diſtinctly view its actors; mark the ſteps
Trod by the Lord of life. His bitter woe
Unequall'd, calls thy thoughts.——See in yon vale,
Which oft at midnight hour his prayer has heard,
He penſive walks; attended by the few
Choſe as His boſom friends: His labouring breaſt
Heaves with deep ſighs, with anxious thought diſtends
At ſcenes ſo awful. Now his thoughts He vents—
"My deareſt friends, your fervent love I know,
And high approve, but ſuch unknown diſtreſs
Will ſoon befall me that your riſing fears
Will ſtrait impetuous drive you from my cauſe."

A Garden,

A GARDEN, to, He enters, frequent call'd
Gethſemane, where oft with high delight
For converſe with His Sire, He ſole retir'd,
And large ſupplies of ſtrengthening grace deriv'd.
But ah! the ſcene how vaſtly different now!
Thoſe heart-felt joys, and heaven-deſcended bliſs,
That frequent here diſtill'd, are now withdrawn!

PORTRAY'D diſtinct He views the dreadful woes
Impending o'er Him: Sin's atrocious guilt,
By imputation His, with pale affright
He ſees, and dread amazement fills his ſoul!
Stern Juſtice too appears, her flaming ſword
High brandiſhing around, determin'd firm
Her honour to maintain: 'Bove all Thy frown
Eternal Father, preſſes ſore His mind
Deep-cruſhing every power. On the cold earth
Proſtrate He falls, beneath the weight of woe;
And hark! He ſpeaks; attend His plaintive moans
O heaven! and thou my ſoul from ſin redeem'd
Still liſten to His cries.——O Father! ſee

The

The ſorrows of my ſoul——in woe's abyſs
Behold me deep immerſt——the mighty waves
Of pungent grief high o'er me raging flow;
Terror's dread cup if poſſible allay——
I feel its deadly nature——But—Thy will
Be done. The prayer is heard. See yonder light,
High in the air ſwift-ſhooting down to earth;
'Tis ſure a form angelic, ſent from heaven
Firm to ſupport his deep-dejected mind,
Suggeſting certain conqueſt! Yet alas!
An angel's aid is feeble, ſorrows ſeize
His inmoſt ſoul and rend it with ſharp pangs:
Ah! ſure yon bloody ſweat adown his face
Swift-running, loud beſpeaks the weight of wrath
Which now His mind ſore preſſes; Earthly powers
Contribute not to this; no human hand
Outſtretch'd againſt Him; nor could Satan's might
Exerted to the utmoſt ſo affect
His firm unſpotted ſoul. Thy hand, Great Sire!
The deadly bruiſe inflicts: Thy ſword unſheath'd,
With many a ſtroke, the Man thy Equal ſmites.

Witneſs

Witneſs ye flowers, ye plants, ye ſpreading trees,
Wide through the vale diſperſt, with heaving ſighs
Witneſs your Maker's groans! But ſpreading trees
And flowers, and plants, contribute not to this:
For human guilt he agonizes thus,
Pours out His ſoul, like water from its fount,
With ceaſleſs ſtreams: that all the choſen flock
By His deep ſufferings may from ſuffering ſcape
And heavenly bliſs obtain. Ah! think my ſoul
What weight of woe awaits rebellious men!
If thus the Saviour ſuffer, God's own Son
Sink low beneath the ſtroke—what fell deſpair,
What dreadful anguiſh muſt the rebel feel
Who ſlights His precious blood! A righteous God
Will all His wrath outpour on ſuch a foe.
Flee then my ſoul, O flee my fellow men
To this kind refuge, th' only hiding place
From ſtorms like theſe: His blood a covert yields
Secure from every blaſt, it ſhelter gives
When heaven, and earth, and ſeas, are all commixt.

What is yon train I see!—A ruffian band
Arm'd with tremendous weapons, ſwords and ſtaves,
As tho' ſome deſperate villain were their ſearch.
Lo! one before the reſt, advancing quick;
Rack'd with conſuming jealouſy he ſeems,
His burning eyes ſwift darting all around!
Ah! 'tis the traytor! mark the' inſidious kiſs,
The ſignal fixt, his Maſter to betray.
Perfidious wretch! Is thus thy friendſhip ſhown?
That friendſhip often boaſted! Doſt thou think
The Son of Man, who ſoon with glorious power
Will be inveſted, can with hollow ſmiles
Be artfully impos'd on!——Ah! the hour
Will ſhortly come, when all thy treacherous arts
Shall amply be repaid.——But ſee He meets
Devoid of fear, His moſt inveterate foes!
A pattern bright of fortitude divine!
The native product of a mind compos'd
Reſting on power omnific. Such His love
To thoſe by gift His own, that Death himſelf
In moſt terrific form his firm-fixt mind

Can

Can ne'er diſmay. He ſtill intenſely loves,
Even to the end, and by that love impell'd,
The bitter cup, our righteous due, He drinks!

And now with ſhouts and brutal fury ſee
They ſeize their prey; loud peals of horrid noiſe,
Like foaming waves deep-roaring in a ſtreight,
Aſtound the ear re-echoing wide around.
His ſacred hands they bind with cruel ſpite
And bitter inſults; madden'd with fell rage
They drag him as a thief, deride His pain,
And loud exulting triumph in His woe.

Whom yonder do I ſee, with pallid looks
Precipitant in flight! Sure not His friends!
His choſen followers!—Ah! moſt ſure 'tis they!
In dangers mouth their Maſter they deſert!
O Cowardice! thou bane of friendſhip's bliſs!
Thou breach of plighted faith! 'tis thine to' unman
The manly heart, ſubdue the firm reſolve,
And from the warrior's brow the laurel pluck!

Deteſted

Deteſted be thy name! at thy approach
May every Chriſtian ſoldier point his ſword
Right at thy heart, and lay thee low in duſt!

Before the high prieſt ſee he ſtands arraign'd;
(The criminals lot) but nothing to his charge
Juſt can be laid: His doctrine's peaceful end
Bold He maintains, and to His foes appeals!
Ah! yon inhuman wretch by hate impell'd
Th' Illuſtrious Sufferer ſmites; his callous heart,
Of ſympathy devoid, no ſufferings can diſſolve.
But ſelf-collected ſee the Saviour ſtands
Calm as the ſea when not a ſingle breeze
Furrows its beauteous face, unaw'd, unmov'd,
His confidence in Heaven through miſery ſmiles.
O Innocence! thou balm of woes deep wound!
Thou great Inſpirer of heroic deeds!
Majeſtic even in rags! Thee may I claſp
Cloſe to my heart, indiſſolubly firm,
The ſweet Companion of my bittereſt hours!

To witneſs to the truth Meſſiah came,
And now that truth announces: Urg'd to tell
Whether He be the CHRIST? bold He declares
I am; and tho' ſubmiſſive now I ſtand
Deſpis'd in lowly form, ſoon will approach
The awful day, when My tribunal rais'd
High in the air, Myſelf the Judge confeſt,
Deep-wailing ye ſhall ſee.——Tumultuous now
The croud appears, loud clamours hark they raiſe,
"Death is His due!" The Hall re-echoe's death!

SEE with what brutal fury yonder mob
Like dogs beſet Him round: His ſacred face
They foul with ſpitting, ſtrike with cruel hate,
Till all appears one undiſtinguiſh'd wound.

THE horrid night now paſt, the morn appears
Portentous, big with ſcenes of high import
To rebel men: And ſee with ſavage ſhouts
Clamorous they drag Him to the Roman bar;
Aceuſe him falſely, charge Him with foul crimes

Abhorrent to His nature: Luſt of blood,
Their paſſions fires, that they ſtill louder urge
His inſtant death. Their urgent cries prevail.
Their furious rage to ſate, Pilate complies,
His priſoner ſtrait delivers, though convinc'd
No criminal charge was fixt.—Thou ſervile wretch!
To purchaſe favour at ſo dear a rate
As guiltleſs blood! Be ſure ſo baſe a crime
Vengeance will ſoon o'ertake and full repay!

Ah! turn my eyes from yonder ghaſtly ſight
Shocking to nature! blood adown his back
Runs to the ground; His temples pierc'd with thorns,
His features quite deform'd with cruel blows.

Inhuman wretches! tyger-hearted ſure,
Thus to inſult the ſacred Prince of Peace!
Say, ye blood-thirſty race, What cauſe for this!
Did He a faction raiſe, your country waſte,
Foment rebellion, or your ruin ſeek?
Ah! no; not to Condemn the world He came

Though

Though juſt its condemnation: His deſign
From ſin, and death, and hell, His foes to Save,
Why then abuſe Him thus? Why the keen ſhafts
Of fell reproach, deep in His heart infix?
Why tear His ſacred temples, and His face
Foul with envenom'd ſpitting? Why His back
Rend with inglorious ſtripes, as though a ſlave?

The luſt of cruelty, lo, ſtill prevails:
Th' Illuſtrious Sufferer now they clamorous drag
To Calvery's ghaſtly mount, and proud Contempt
His rude appearance makes in every face.
No pity's ſhown: His mangled body ſee
Sore preſt: A maſſy beam of ponderous weight,
Part of the tree accurſt on which he hung,
His ſhoulder bears——but can no longer bear.
His ſtrength exhauſted through the loſs of blood,
Down on the ground He falls beneath the load,
While brutal ſhouts of triumph ſtun His ears.

O Patience! lovely grace, thy beauteous form
Shines in its native luſtre, and diſplays

A thouſand charms unſeen by human eyes
Till now unfolded, by the SON of GOD!
He, though the object of deriſion's laugh,
Though ſuffering moſt unjuſtly, free from crime,
Bears all their inſults ſolemn and compos'd.
Not one complaint His ſacred ſilence breaks;
No murmuring word is heard, no riſing thought
Againſt His bittereſt foes! But as a lamb
Doom'd to the ſlaughter, unreſiſting views
Th' uplifted knife that thirſts to drink its blood:—
Paſſive and ſilent thus the LAMB of God
To their fierce rage Himſelf entire reſigns,
Nor once attempts to' eſcape their cruel hands.

BUT Virtue ſuffering, loud for pity calls;
Nor calls in vain: For yonder lo, appears
A beauteous train of mourners; like the doves
In lonely vales, each of her mate bereav'd,
They ſigh in ſilent anguiſh. Happy few!
Ye oft the Saviour's words have joyous heard
And felt them efficacious. Many a time

Your

Your piercing ſorrows He has kindly heal'd,
With balmy cordials rais'd your drooping minds
And given repeated earneſts of His love.
'Tis grateful thus to own Him; tears thus ſhed,
Though unavailing cruel hearts to move,
Paſs not unnotic'd, but as proofs of love
Are ſtill regarded and with love repaid.

While thus their tender hearts heave with deep ſighs
Their ſympathetic ſorrow glad He ſees
And thus their anguiſh ſooths:—Weep not, My friends
For Me, the ſufferings I endure, though ſharp,
I voluntary bear: My people's peace
I know requires them, and they mark the way
To high renown. Theſe wintery days of woe
Soon will paſs o'er, when an eternal ſpring
Blooming with joy commences.——Nor even now
Joyleſs am I, though greatly ſuffering thus:
With conſcious Innocence my breaſt is ſteel'd
Nor ſhakes at ought I bear.—But if you weep,
Yourſelves and children juſtly claim a right

As objects of your grief. For now I ſee
The dreadful days approach, when this contempt
Severely ſhall be puniſht; when My blood
Wantonly ſpilt, ſhall be ſo full repaid
On thoſe who ſhed it, that the barren womb
Shall be accounted bleſt, and breaſts devoid
Of life-ſuſtaining food ſhall happy ſeem!
For ſuch terrific ſcenes will ſoon appear
As never were nor will be ſeen again
Till earth itſelf expire in liquid flames!"

The deſtin'd place exulting now they reach,
Golgotha rightly nam'd, the criminal's tomb,
Where many a broken bone, ſlow-mouldering, lies.
A potion ſee they give, not of that juice
Which gladdens man's ſad heart, with ſpices mixt
Of aromatic flavour, though a boon
Conferr'd on meaneſt ſlaves, their pain to quell:
The potion offer'd Him, a mixture ſtrange
Of vinegar and gall: The bitter draught
He deigns to taſte, a pattern bright to give

Of

Of calm ſubmiſſion to the will of God
In every trying ſcene.——This done, they now
Infix Him to the Croſs: His hands and feet,
Torn by the rugged nails, the blood burſts forth
Covering the ſighing mount with clotted gore.

INFLAM'D with malice, as a further mark
Of infamy and guilt, on each his ſides
A criminal they hang, whoſe deep-dy'd crimes
To death had juſtly brought; and thus fulfill
Unknown to them, the ſcripture's firm decree!

BUT though inſulted thus, and deeply pain'd
By cruel wounds, far more He ſeems to feel
For His blood-thirſty foes, than for Himſelf.
" Father forgive them, lay not to their charge,
Theſe heinous crimes, they know not what they do!
Urg'd by blind paſſion, heated by falſe zeal,
Their hands in guiltleſs blood they now embrue."

HERE pauſe my ſoul——and reſurvey the ſcene
With tears of tendereſt love; Terreſtrial things

Shrink into nothing when compar'd with this,
The wonder of the ſkies; God's only Son
Dying for human guilt!—And are thy ſins
No cauſe of this event? If of his flock
They ſurely are: Thy crimes of blackeſt hue
Innumerous, now He bears; their juſt reproach,
And dreadful puniſhment, He deeply feels.

"O Sin, how black thy nature! how deform'd
View'd in this mirrour do thy features ſeem!
No more ſhalt thou be regnant; from this hour
I rend thee from my heart, thou haggard wretch!
Thy mortal foe I now myſelf declare
Full bent on thy deſtruction.——Bleſſed Lord!
Was it for *this* Thou didſt our nature join
In union to Thy own! For *this* Thou left
Thy throne of perfect bliſs! to ſuffer thus
Suſpended in the air, as though unfit
To' enjoy a place on earth to lie Thy head
Even in Thy dying moments——hapleſs lot!

But ah! they ſtop not here; by burning rage
Highly inflam'd, His ſufferings are their jeſt,
His cries their ſcorn. "Vain Boaſter, hark, they cry
Thou ſaid'ſt the Temple Thou could'ſt ſtrait deſtroy
And build it in three days: Now ſave Thyſelf.
If, as Thou ſay'ſt, Thou art indeed the CHRIST,
Come down; Thyſelf now ſave; we then will own
Thy miſſion from above."—But ſtranger ſtill
The partners of His fate, though wrung with pain
Quite to the heart, join their inſulting tongues
In blaſphemous reproaches. "Save Thyſelf
And Us," they vilely cry; though one He makes
A trophy of His grace, to own His cauſe!

THREE hours elaps'd, and now high noon arriv'd,
Sickens the lamp of day; his radient head
Aſham'd he inſtant veils, and ſable night
Walks o'er the land at an unuſual hour!
Emblem how clear of ſorrow's bitterest night
Covering the SAVIOUR's mind! The ninth hour come,
The Illuſtrious Sufferer preſt with wrath Divine,

Cries

Cries with a vehement tone,—"My God, My God,
Why am I thus forſaken?—Why doſt Thou,
All-gracious Father, to my ſufferings add
Thy dire, heart-rending frown? Ah! the day's come
Of Thy fierce anger; ſins dread curſe I bear
In its intenſeneſs; plung'd in woes abyſs
The raging waves roll o'er Me, and My ſoul
Fill with the deepeſt anguiſh.—O My God,
Stretch out Thy Arm and bring Me ſpeedy help
Leſt ſorrow break My heart"——Suſpended now
His voice a moment, labouring under woe
Unfelt before; full conſcious that His work
Is near accompliſht, hark! He cries again,
"I thirſt."——The ſcripture to fullfil; a ſpunge
In vinegar they dip, and proud to ſhow
Their baſe contempt, ſtrait puſh it to His mouth.

THE laſt prediction now exact fulfill'd
That drew the SAVIOUR's life, and every line
In that deep-ſhaded portrait clearly ſhown
Exiſtent in EMMANUEL, loud He cries
'Tis

'Tis Finiſht: Father my departing ſoul
Deign to receive——and now His ſoul He yields.
All nature feels the ſhock: The veil is rent—
The frighted earth loud quakes—the rocks are ſplit—
The graves fly open—all appears convulſt!

Nor obdurate thy heart, thou Roman chief,
Nor canſt remain unmov'd; ſtruck at the ſight
Portentous, Prodigies like theſe conſtrain
Ev'n thee to own the ſpotleſs Innocence
Of Him thou didſt contemn. Nor thou alone,
The cruel guard, the people, all are ſhook
With dread amaze: As when the north-wind blows
A ſudden ſtorm, the leafy trees deep groan
Beneath its weight, and bend their towering heads
Down to the earth affrighted,——ſo with ſighs
Deep-heaving, and with heads reclin'd, they beat
Their joyleſs breaſts, expecting theſe alarms
Forebode ſome dreadful woe, on guilt like theirs.

Never till now, O Death! was thy great power
So full diſplay'd; a priſoner now thou haſt

Superior far to all thy former ſpoils!
But think not to detain Him! Soon will come
Th' appointed hour, when thy accurſed ſtings,
Long fatal to our race, ſhall ſore be cruſht;
When th' unfated Grave (thy cloſe ally)
Shall ceaſe to triumph; when thy firm-bas'd throne
Shall be demoliſht, thou thy ſelf in chains
Led forth a gloomy captive doom'd to die.
Nor is the Saviour's viſit to the grave
Devoid of love; a ſweet perfume He leaves
In that moſt drear abode, which calms the mind,
And renders fragrant even a bed of duſt.

No ſooner had the twilight faint announc'd
The third morn come, ſince the REDEEMER ſlept
Incavern'd in the grave's capacious womb,
As Jonah in the bowels of the whale,
Than lo, the gates of death wide open burſt
Inſtant at His command! The ſhiver'd bars
Fly diverſe, and their Mighty Captive free
Unable to detain Him! Hell's dread powers
Beneath

Beneath His feet He treads, disarms His foes,
And maugre all their efforts springs to life!

Ye followers of the Saviour, lift your eyes;
Survey the place where all your hope was laid
Till your full hearts emit a tide of joy!
Your Head is risen indeed! O hear the sound,
Re-echo it aloud! the first-fruits He
Of life immortal yields to dying men!
The debt immense His death completely pays,
His resurrection seals the grand discharge!

A glorious proof of victory quite complete
Th' Illustrious Warrior openly displays:
Rous'd by His powerful word, the shrouded dead
Start from the dust, as one awak'd from sleep,
And glad return to life. Elate with joy
To Salem's Walls they instantly repair
Their old abode, the Saviour's power make known,
And living witness give of Death's defeat.

FULL forty times the ſun diurnal roll'd
His wonted courſe, ere life's Eternal Prince
Re-enter'd His Domain. Meanwhile He gives
Deciſive proofs that life He's reaſſum'd,
By many a kind appearance to His friends.
He eats, He drinks, converſes, ſhows his wounds,
Inſtructions gives, His kingdom how to form,
And cheers their drooping hearts with many a ſmile.

THRON'D on His brow high majeſty and love,
The heralds of His grace He thus beſpeaks:
"All power in heaven and earth to Me is given
As juſtly due; late dead but now alive
I live for evermore. Go then My friends,
Proclaim My goſpel, far and wide reſound
Salvation through My blood: He that believes
The well-atteſted record ſhall be ſaved:
But he that ſlights damnation ſhall receive.
Fear not your bittereſt foes; their mad attempts
To ſtop your progreſs never ſhall ſucceed:
Firm as an iron pillar ſhall ye ſtand

Reſting

Resting on Me; a mouth to plead My cause
With skill and courage frequent I will give
As your occasions call. Confusion then
Instant shall cover those that seek your death
And check their wild career. Ye soon shall prove
That power omnific is on Me conferr'd
As King of Saints: My Spirit from on high
Glad shall descend, and heavenly vigour pour
Copious on every heart. Meanwhile abide,
In patient expectation, where you're wont
To' assemble, till the promis'd Spirit come:
Nor doubt what I have spoken e'er shall fail;
Each work of art shall vanish as a dream,
Th' affrighted elements shall all dissolve,
And nature sink into her pristine state:
Not so My Word; immutable it stands
Though all created Being should oppose.

He said; and now with shouts melodious rings
The circumambient air; a numerous host
Of flaming Spirits encircle their Leige Lord:

A shining

A ſhining cloud He enters, now aſcends,
Swift as the lightnings ray, all heavens above.
Lift up your heads ye everlaſting gates,
And give the King of Glory to come in!
His precious blood He brings, glad to preſent
Before His Father's throne: Captive He leads,
Chain'd to His chariot wheels, his bittereſt foes,
And as the friend of man He now appears.

HIGH on His throne the Saviour yonder ſee
Array'd in royal robes; His arduous work
Nobly completed, reſt He hence enjoys,
And pleaſures endleſs as the throne of God.
With high delight He views His blood-bought flock,
The fruit of His ſore travail; nor forgets
Their perſons, intereſts, or the woes they feel,
Deep-graven on His heart. He ever lives
Kindly to intercede in their behalf;
And as their ADVOCATE continual pleads
Their cauſe in heaven's high court: that pardoning grace
Frequent may be diſcover'd: That their faith

May

May never fail; That perſevering ſtrength
In paths of holineſs may be conferr'd:
And that His Glory they may ſhortly ſee.
Nor pleads in vain;——His ſacrifice complete
Ever avails; and ample power is given
To ſave from deepeſt woe, who truſt in Him.
Daily He ſees the covenant race arrive
In his Domain; their garments waſht in blood;
And loud exulting in His glorious power
Outſtretcht in their behalf.——Thus He abides
A Prieſt on His high throne; His precious blood
Preſenting ſpotleſs, till the choſen ſons
Are fully meeten'd for their heavenly home.

The day now comes, the great deciſive day
When man's eternal ſtate is final fixt:
"I will return" the Saviour's parting words,
"And take you to Myſelf;" this He fulfills:
See yonder he deſcends; high on a throne,
Far whiter than the mountain ſnow, He ſits
Majeſtically rob'd: His ſacred head,

Once crown'd with thorns, expos'd to baſe contempt,
Glory Divine encircles: At His nod
Quick flee the heavens and earth, and vaniſh ſtrait
As midnight dreams; their place is known no more!
Ye ſons of wealth, curſt with the thirſt of gold,
Where are your treaſures fled? Your world is gone!
'Tis vaniſht! 'tis no more!—But you I leave,
More pleaſing ſcenes attract my ardent ſong.

His word is now accompliſht; as the Judge
Of quick and dead, He yonder bright appears:
Myriads of mighty angels as His train
Gladly attend: His ſaints exulting join
The grand proceſſion: Hark! the trump ſhrill ſounds,
Louder than e'er the brazen throat of war,
"Ariſe ye dead, your gloomy priſons quit
Salvation's come." The powerful voice is heard,
The dead ariſe; ſtern ocean inſtant frees
His ſilent captives; quick from th' watery bed,
In number full, and in proportion juſt,
They gladly riſe: Nor leſs th' unſated Grave:

Her victory's loſt; her proudly-boaſted ſtrength
Exhauſted, down ſhe falls beneath the feet
Of Him ſhe once held captive, and her doom
Denounc'd irrevocable, mournful hears.
The living ſaints are chang'd, and all who lookt
And long'd for His appearing, now with joy
Their SAVIOUR inſtant meet, and gladly own
His love is like Himſelf, it knows no change.

HEAVENS volume, lo, He opens, where the names
Of all the righteous are diſtinctly markt
As heirs of life: His voice benign He lifts:
"Bleſt of my Father come, partake the bliſs
Prepar'd in purpoſe ere the earth was form'd."

SUCH, BLEST EMMANUEL, Thy intenſe regard
To ſinful men; ſurpaſſing human thought
In all its vaſt dimenſions. Creature love
Compar'd with Thine, is but as ſingle drop
To all th' Atlantic; ſoon it diſappears
Loſt in the great abyſs.—May every heart

Bound as the roe on Bether's aery top,
Exulting loud in Thee; and every mind
Expand its utmoſt powers to comprehend
The length, the breadth, the depth & wondrous height
Of Thy PHILANTHROPY! May every tongue
Harmonious ſpeak its praiſes, hymn it loud
In all its rich expreſſions; nor e'er ceaſe
To extol its virtues, leſt the lifeleſs ſtones
Should raiſe their voice and human hearts upbraid
With vile ingratitude for love ſo great!

PART

PART III.

ON THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

NOR leſs Thy Love, THOU SPIRIT of Grace and Truth!
Nor leſs ſhould be rehearſt: My heart inſpire
High with Thy radient beams, that Love to paint
In beauteous colours, ſuch as ſtrike the heart!
Break every fetter that my riſing thought
Would chain to heavy earth; my mind expand
To graſp the copious ſubject, and my aim
Direct inceſſant towards ſome Moral end!
Th' Eternal Covenant, ratified by Thee,
Evinces Thy Compaſſion had its riſe
Long ere Creation's birth; and correſponds
In date, in ſtrength, duration and extent,
Full to th' Eternal Father's or the Son's.

In man's Salvation an important part
Freely didſt Thou engage with power to' effect,
Both towards the Saviour and His purchas'd flock:
Nor e'er relinquiſht ſo divine a work,
But nobly faithful ever doſt remain.

The way of Mercy clear haſt Thou reveal'd
To ſinful men; the great deſigns of Love
Towards guilty mortals, wide o'er all the world
Haſt gradually unfolded: Holy men
Mov'd by Thy influence, clear predictions gave
Of Great Meſſiah's work in every age,
And hail'd His glorious Advent, rapt with joy.
And when the period came that He appear'd,
With power inveſted ſinners to redeem,
That high Commiſſion Thou didſt gladly ſeal!
The nature He aſſum'd, form'd ſole by Thee
From ſin's contagion wholly was exempt;
As free from ſtain as th' azure vault of heaven.
Nor merely free from ſtain didſt Thou erect
That choſen Temple, but to poliſh fair,

Thy

Thy ſacred Unction copious didſt infuſe
Through all His inmoſt powers: Dove-like Thou ſat'ſt
Brooding on Him, inſpiring wiſdom, might,
Deep knowledge, filial fear, and all the train
Of heavenly virtues; that His arduous work
Nobly He might accompliſh, and appear
A perfect pattern what men ought to be.
Thus in Creation, Thou Thy glorious power
Didſt high exert, infuſing vital heat
Throughout dead matter, dead till mov'd by Thee:
Th' unformed maſs, obedient to Thy will,
Shakes off its ſlime; aſſumes a beauteous form
By Thee impreſt; a palace now it ſeems,
Fit for the noble gueſt it ſhould receive,
Diſplaying wondrous beauties wide around!

The Saviour's nature form'd, and bright adorn'd,
Thy unremitted aid He ſtill enjoys
While low on earth He dwells: His conſtant Guide,
His firm Supporter Thou, in every ſcene,
Even in His dying moments; nor didſt quit

Thy noble charge, till His Divine deſcent
With power Thou didſt declare, by conquering Death,
And raiſing Him triumphant from the Grave!

Nor only on the Saviour doſt Thou reſt,
And thus with royal virtues bright enrobe;
But on the Covenant Seed; who, dead in ſin,
And quite eſtrang'd from God——polluted ſore
And every power deprav'd, ſuch influence need,
Meetneſs to give them for their deſtin'd home:
And this, Bleſt Spirit of Grace! is wrought by Thee!
'Tis Thine the heart to change and form for heaven!

As a poor infant, by unfeeling hands
Immediate on its birth convey'd and left
In the bleak deſart field, naked as born,
Unpitied there remains, to beaſts of prey
Or deadly cold expos'd:——So guilty man,
Seduc'd by Satan's wiles, is ſoon expell'd
From God and heavenly bliſs, and thus outcaſt,
Unpitied, unaſſiſted, helpleſs lies!

His

His native robes which once ſo beauteous ſhone
Are gone, and naked or in rags he now appears:
Nor this the worſt: His miſery ſtill to' increaſe,
Satanic paſſions, like a deadly plague,
Deep in his mind have fixt their fatal ſeat;
And, as voracious vultures, conſtant prey
Sore on his vital parts.——The firſt of theſe
Is ſelf-admiring Pride; a paſſion baſe,
Hell-born; which dares oppoſe the will of Heaven
And His commands diſdain. Pale Envy too,
The fouleſt of all evils that diſturb
Created breaſts, ſits jointly regnant there.
To theſe connected by the ties of blood
A numerous clang is ſeen too great to tell:
Black-hearted Malice, gloomy Unbelief,
Ferocious Anger, beaſtly Ignorance,
And all the brood accurſt of Satan's ſpawn!
Theſe cruel tyrants o'er the mind of man
Deſpotic reign, and ſorely rend its peace
By their diſcordant rage; which oft breaks out
Shaking with horrid fury their Domain.

Thus

THUS adverſe winds, the billows of the deep
Tear diverſe, and the whiten'd ſurge oppreſt
With various rollings, pours far o'er the ſhore
Its ſlimy filth.——Theſe Monſters to dethrone;
Sin's galling chain to break; the heart to raiſe
Towards God and heavenly things; and Satan's wiles
Innumerous to defeat, are works too great
Save for Omnific power: They throw contempt
On all the art and boaſted ſtrength of man,
Nor fear his greateſt efforts, ſtill ſecure.

SMALL cauſe indeed for fear! In love with ſin,
The heart yields prompt obedience to its will;
Serves it with pleaſure and unceaſing toil,
Though death's the certain end. Averſe to God,
His ways unpleaſant ſeem, nor e'er are choſe,
Nor truly ſought, by unrenewed minds.
No ſooner do they hear the word of life
Faithful diſpenſt, than enmity appears
Firm ſeated in the heart: A will to good
By nature men have not; as much eſtrang'd

From

From God and heaven, as e'er the wild aſs colt
From their command. No efforts then by men,
Devoid of heavenly grace, are ever made
The heart to change; nor could they e'er avail
That mighty work to' effect, too feeble quite!

But Thou, Great Agent! to this arduous taſk
Art fully equal: Thy victorious beams,
Soon chaſe away the clouds of dreadful gloom
That veil the mind, and ſudden light diffuſe
Through all the dark receſſes of the heart.
Illumin'd thus by Thee, on the mind's eye,
In part unveil'd, innumerous objects croud:
The Law is ſeen as holy, juſt, and good,
Wide in extent, condemning every thought
Alien to God: That faithful mirrour ſhows
The heart deprav'd, polluted, wholly vile,
A den of luſts, ferocious, viperous, baſe!
Conſcience, Thy herald, now inform'd by Thee,
Moſt dreadful woe proclaims; thoſe numerous ſins
Before unnotic'd, now in ghaſtly form

It ſets before the mind, and fixes there
Immoveable; their evil nature ſhows,
To God injurious, hateful, doom'd to wrath.
The mouth is ſtopt; guilty the ſoul ſoon pleads
And owns the ſentence juſt.—With downcaſt eye
And faultering tongue, ſhe now for Mercy pleads:
Mercy ſhe once deſpis'd, or much abus'd,
Now her ſole refuge; hither quick ſhe flees
In hope of ſhelter from th' impending ſtorm.
But Juſtice bars the way, and dreadful frowns
Demanding inſtant death; nor her demands
Could be oppos'd, did not Thy gracious beams
CELESTIAL SPIRIT! reveal the Object dear
Who nobly bore in all its dreadful weight
The curſe denounc'd againſt rebellious men.
Sent from above to teſtify of Chriſt,
The glorious errand now He well performs;
The Goſpel mirrour fair before the mind
Preſenting, ſoon the trembling ſoul beholds
The Saviour's beauteous Form: His precious blood
Guilt's only laver, open'd by His death,

She joyful views; but fears her guilt too black
E'er to be cleans'd; till Thou BLEST SPIRIT reveal
Its wondrous virtue, ſhow a Magdelen waſht——
A Soul forgiven——a Zaccheus freely ſaved!
Here too ſhe ſees how heaven's All-righteous Judge
Declares His Juſtice when He juſtifies
All who believe in Jeſus, and who plead
His righteouſneſs all-perfect as their hope.

ENCOURAGED by the view, ſhe humbly bows
Low at the Throne of Grace; cloud-piercing prayers
To Him who heals the broken heart, ariſe
Spontaneous from the breaſt.—O righteous God—
A worm of earth——a hell-deſerving wretch——
Who ardently implores Thy richeſt grace
Deign to regard!—Thou juſtly might'ſt in wrath,
Rous'd by my numerous ſins, relentleſs ſwear
That I Thy favour never ſhould enjoy!
But, Gracious God! let Mercy's ſovereign power
Be full diſplay'd on me of rebels chief.——
No merit can I plead——by nature vile——

My

My life a ſcene of wickedneſs moſt foul——
A daring rebel from my mother's womb!
Mercy, O God! Mercy I now implore——
Undone for ever ſhould'ſt Thou this withhold!
The Saviour's blood my only ground of hope——
That blood he ſhed for ſinners ſuch as me
My only plea——Oh! for His ſake blot out
My numerous ſins, and glory ſhall be Thine!

Petitions ſuch as theſe, Thou Spirit of Grace!
Show Thee their Author, prove Thy influence kind
Aiding the labouring breaſt, that now with ſighs
Deep heaves, and the ſwift meſſengers of grief
Down both the pallid cheeks ſucceſſive run.
Nor do they paſs unnotic'd: Heaven's Great King,
Though high enthron'd, hears His own Spirit's requeſt
Well pleas'd, reſpects the melting heart that breaths
Such odoriferous ſighs for pardoning grace!

Nor hears unmov'd; paternal bowels yearn,
And hark! He gracious ſpeaks:—Is this My ſon,

My

My pleaſant child, 'gainſt whom I frowning ſpake!
Yes, he it is; My ſoul's ſincere delight!
His mind, rebellious once, and fill'd with hate
'Gainſt Me, My Law, My Son, and all My ways;
Big with repentant ſighs for ſin's deep ſtain,
Abas'd as in the duſt, and ſuppliant grown
I now behold!—Grief's genuine tears diſtill
Copious adown his cheeks; Mercy he pleads—
His plea the Saviour's blood—the ranſom price
Completely paid—Mercy I'll ſurely ſhow,
His ſins of ſcarlet hue I'll full blot out,
And from his woe-worn mind, ſo deep depreſt,
Th' enormous load of guilt at once expel.

As when the King of day his throne aſcends
Rob'd in his richeſt garb, the vapoury miſts
Quick flee away, as conſcious of his power
Greatly ſuperiour;—thus the numerous ſins
That fill'd the mind with dread are ſoon diſperſt
When Thou, GREAT COMFORTER! ſalvation's light
With power diffuſeſt. Joyful the ſoul beholds

Complete

Complete Atonement made; believes the Word
Proclaiming this to Sinners; and receives
With willing, humble hand, the precious gift.

The ſoul now waſht from ſin's moſt deadly guilt,
Joyfully ſtands accepted, and obtains
A legal right to heaven's eternal bliſs
Own'd in the courts above. A Child now call'd,
Thou, Gracious Spirit! to' atteſt the glorious fact
The heart doſt inſtant viſit; there Thy abode
Doſt fix, diffuſing filial love and fear
By which the high relation's full diſclos'd:
At Thy approach the Tyrants long enthron'd,
As regents o'er the heart, ſoon diſappear:
The lofty looks of Pride are now brought low;
Turn pale as ſtars before the riſing ſun:
Fell Malice ſhrinks away, and Unbelief
Receives a mortal wound: Envy no more
The ſceptre ſways, but as a foe proſcrib'd,
Retires from her domain with haſty ſteps.
How great the change! The deſart ſtrait becomes

A fruitful

A fruitful field, and bloſſoms like the roſe!
Not much-fam'd Lebanon more beauteous ſeems
With all his towering Cedars piercing heaven!
The ravenous vulture ſee a peaceful dove;
The cruel tyger lamblike ſtrait appears!
Such wonders are perform'd, Thou *Spirit of Power*,
At Thy command!——As Aaron's choſen rod
Budded and bloſſom'd and brought forth at once
The choiceſt almonds: Thus the heart renew'd,
Love, joy and peace, with every Chriſtian grace
Inſtant produces; fruits of higheſt worth
Which nature's barren ſtock could never bear!

By heavenly grace inſpir'd, the new-form'd ſoul
Greatly rejoices, and thy praiſe O Love,
In ſweetly ſounding accents vigorous ſings.
O liſt her voice, it noble muſic makes,
Sweeter than David's harp, and fills the heart
With pleaſures heavenly, ſuch as angels know.

AMAZING grace! how late on hell's dread verge
Fearleſs I ſtood, unconſcious of the gulph
That groan'd for my reception (dreadful ſtate!)
Nor knew Thy threaten'd wrath, Thou God of Truth!
But Thy kind hand extended from on high,
Me inſtant ſnatcht from fell deſtruction's jaws,
As fire-brand from the flame half-burning there!
Sing, oh! ye heavens, and ſhout thou lower earth,
Break forth ye mountains, hill and vale reſound
Jehovah's praiſe! And thou my ſoul redeem'd
From ſin, and death, and hell, the general choir
Exulting join: Thy God enraptur'd praiſe,
Extol His glorious Name, who though ſo late
His anger juſtly ſhow'd, yet now well-pleas'd
Diffuſes comfort through thy inmoſt powers!

SALVATION's God is mine, Whom ſhall I fear?
His arm outſtretcht, What mortal dares reſiſt?
Devoid of fear, I'll truſt His glorious Name
Though hell itſelf oppoſe; that Name alone
Enſures my ſafety, like a fortreſs ſtrong

It ſtands impregnable, though ſore aſſail'd
By all th' embattled hoſts of earth and hell.

THUS Thy kind influence, *Spirit* of Truth & Power,
To many a weary captive freedom gives:
A freedom glorious, joyous, and entire,
Never to be revok'd or diſannull'd!
Nor wouldſt Thou e'er withdraw Thy generous aid
But that ſelf-ſwelling pride would ſoon her head
Upraiſe enormous; or the maze of ſin
Deep in the wily heart lurk quite unſeen;
Or placid patience, child of ſorrows throes,
Could ne'er her form divinely beauteous ſhow
Completing what's defective in the heart:
Or that high paſſions alien are from Thee
And grieve Thy peaceful breaſt; or that the port
Of bliſs celeſtial happier may be deem'd
After a voyage tempeſtuous;——*this*, or *thoſe*,
Or *all* the cauſe, or reaſons hid from us,
Moſt melancholy proof, alas! we have
From dull experience, that Thou oft withdraw'ſt,

Nor Thy ſalubrious aid doſt deign to grant
Unintermitted.——Viſited no more,
Perchance the livelong day, with Thy bright beams,
The mournful ſoul her ſweetly warbling harp
Hangs on the weeping willow: As yon Sire
Bereft of his firſt-born, entranc'd in grief
Hangs o'er the breathleſs clay in ſilent woe
And heart-felt anguiſh;—thus the ſoul bereav'd
Of thy ſweet Influence, COMFORTER DIVINE!
In ſolitary moans her loſs bewails
Aghaſt with pallid fear. Nor this the worſt:
Her comfort gone, of heavenly aid depriv'd,
Her wonted vigour fails; her leaden feet
Slow-moving, and affections languid grown,
She faints beneath the preſſures that ſhe feels.

MEANWHILE her enemies, by Satan rouz'd
(Great foe to God and man) her weakneſs ſee
Elate with envious joy; and, fill'd with rage,
They ſoon determine inſtantly to make
Another effort o'er the heart to reign.

Thou

Though vanquiſht fully by the arm of Grace
Yet only *vanquiſht*, not *deſtroy'd*, they riſe
With fury now redoubled, loth to quit
Their recent empire, or dethron'd with ſhame
By Him they moſt abhor. Rule is their thirſt,
And Being without this by them is deem'd
Far worſe than none. By mutual hate combin'd
Their irkſome dark abodes they deſperate quit
Impell'd by helliſh rage: Grim Unbelief
(Thy champion, Satan,) nam'd with general voice
Their hoſtile Leader; formidable foe!
Deadly to all but thoſe preſerv'd by heaven.

As when an Afric lion, doubly fierce
With ſtimulating hunger, quits his den
And through the trembling foreſt dreadful roams
Howling in queſt of food, with fury flies
Quick on his prey;—The powers of ſin thus riſe
With luſt of vengeance fir'd, determin'd now
Their native throne again to re-aſcend
And o'er the ſoul their iron ſceptre ſway.

The conflict ſoon begins: Grace, beauteous queen!
Regent of hearts ſubdued by power divine,
Her lawful right, by purchaſe dear acquir'd,
Boldly aſſerts: With ſpeed her heaven-born force
She raiſes, and with vigorous arm reſolves
Firm to maintain her empire. Long the field
Seems dubious, quarter to their mortal foe
Neither will give; each hopes to win the day
Relying on their courage, ſtrength, and ſkill.

As when a ſerpent hides his dreary length
Cover'd with reeds, quick darts upon his foe,
Whoſe knotty oak repels the fierce aſſault;
Stunn'd he retires a moment to collect
His ſhattered ſtrength, the combat ſoon renews,
Revenge his courage fires and anger gleams
Redoubled on his creſt:—Thus Unbelief,
Who long his hideous head had kept immur'd,
Ruſh'd forth impetuous on his hated foe.
His arm, hell-govern'd, menac'd inſtant death:
But ſoon repell'd by thee, O valiant Faith,

He

He quits the field, ſtung to the heart with pain
And deadly malice; weaken'd, not deſtroy'd
He ſoon alas! returns, by Satan's ſkill
Heal'd of his wound, and in his wiles well taught
He arts employs, hoping by theſe to' effect
What power could ne'er perform, and with ſucceſs.

Unskill'd in wiles infernal, valiant Faith,
Of Grace's hoſt the Leader, ſoon is foil'd;
And falls (affecting thought!) an eaſy prey
To foes moſt mercileſs, who long his life
With unrelenting rage had treacherous ſought.
Their leader gone, the reſt are ſore diſmay'd
And ſoon diſperſt; a dreadful rout enſues,
And many a captive led with violent ſhouts
Proudly triumphant: Sin her native throne
Glad re-aſcends, determin'd full to' exert
Her power tyrannic; ſtrait with rigorous hand
And many a painful bruiſe, her hated foes
To' exterminate for ever root and branch.

So have I ſeen th' imperious ocean laſh
With his deep-wounding waves th' oppoſing ſhore,
As though entire deſtruction were his aim.

In this ſad plight, by treachery quite o'ercome,
Of joy and peace bereft, and cruelly bound
In horrid fetters, mournful ſighs the ſoul
Immerſt in darkneſs; fallen, but fallen to riſe,
And riſe to heavenly heights ſuperiour ſtill.

Aided by Thee, Thou Intercessor kind,
Who never wholly quits Thy fixt abode,
Her cry ſhe lifts to heaven, aſham'd, abaſht,
That ſtrength Divine ſhe had not ſooner ſought
And truſted ſole in Thee, Thou Arm of God!
In plaintive ſighs, unutterably ſtrong,
Inſpired by Thee, her moan ſhe makes to Him
Who reads the ſilent language of the heart
Well-pleas'd, as corresponding to His Will,
And grants the favours thus intenſely ſought.

If form'd in words, her breathings such as these:
" O God of Mercy, let Thy pitying eye
Behold my wretched ſtate; To Thee I look
Thou Rock of ages, Buckler of defence,
Whoſe power omnific hath been oft diſplayed
Helping the wretched; oh! be Thou my Friend,
My intimate Ally and bring me aid!
Why doſt Thou caſt me off? Why hide Thy face?
The hand of mercy is not ſhort to ſave,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries; oh! notice all my groans!
Deign to confer Thy promis'd, powerful help
My fetter'd heart to free, and conſtant praiſe
While Being I enjoy to Thee I'll give."

The prayer (for this is prayer indeed) is heard;
Th' unutterable groans excited thus,
Like ſweet perfume on ſacred altars burnt,
In ſpite of envious winds mount up to heaven.
Nor is delayed the anſwer: Girt with power
And grace omnipotent, the King of Saints

Majeſtic

Majeſtic, ſoon appears.—As when the Sun
Awhile behind the clouds hides his bright face,
Burſts forth with double luſtre, rends the veil
And every miſt diſpels:—So at Thy ſight,
Salvation's Captain, Satan's hoſt, diſmay'd,
Retire and quit the field; nor dare the weight
Of Thy dread arm to feel, which once they felt
Severely pain'd, when at Thy great aſcent
Rebellion crouch'd and trembling own'd Thee Lord.

The captives ſtrait are loos'd, and gladly quit,
Their gloomy priſon; his poſt Faith reaſſumes
Inſpirited afreſh: Grace too receives
With burſts of acclamation, new ſupplies
From Thy exhauſtleſs ſtores, Thou Fount of ſtrength!

Taught by Experience, wiſdom's higheſt ſchool,
Her infant weakneſs now the ſoul perceives,
Unknown before; and learns to truſt in Him
Who aids the helpleſs, animates the faint,
And makes the weak invincible in arms!

Thro'

THRO' his kind influence ſoon the heaven-taught ſoul
From head to foot in military garb
Appears complete equipt; her armour all
Divinely temper'd, ſuch as heaven confers,
And well adapted conqueſt full to' enſure.
Her Loins are girt with heaven-deſcended truth;
A girdle fair, her ornament and ſtrength:
Her naked Breaſt ſhe covers with a plate
As ſteel impenetrable, by the lance
Of man or Satan (form'd alone by Thee
Sagacious Founder! Agent of all good!)
Of love compos'd, the life and ſoul of all
Accepted righteouſneſs:—Sweet Goſpel peace,
Through Thy atoning blood, Thou Great High Prieſt,
Like well-form'd ſhoes preſerves her tender Feet
Unhurt, amid the dangers of that path
She muſt purſue, with deadly engines ſtrown,
Which, like ſharp-pointed thorns, her progreſs elſe
Would dangerouſly obſtruct, if not prevent.

ABOVE all theſe, to cover them from harm,
The golden ſhield of faith ſhe firmly holds:

A ſhield ſo well attemper'd, (wrought by heaven)
That neither fiery dart though ſhot from hell,
Nor poiſon'd arrow thrown with giant ſtrength
Can pierce its well-clos'd pores: Thy Righteouſneſs
Divine, all-perfect, O Thou Prince of Peace!
Faith conſtant pleads; to all accuſing foes
It ſtands oppos'd and quenches every dart.

Nor is the Head defenceleſs; arm'd with hope
Of full ſalvation, founded on Thy power,
And faithful promiſe, Fount of ſacred truth!
This like a helmet form'd of ſolid braſs,
From every harm invulnerable keeps
That truly noble part, though much expos'd.

Nor merely to preſerve is armour given
But greatly to o'ercome; a weapon keen
And ſurely mortal as thy dart, O Death,
In hand ſhe takes and brandiſhes aloft:
Thy well-form'd ſword, Celeſtial Spirit, compos'd
Of matter all-divine; a ſword whoſe edge

Is

Is ſharp as heaven can form it, and whoſe ſtroke,
When weilded by the arm divinely taught
In military arts, is certain death.

COMPLETELY thus equipt, and truſting ſole
In uncreated ſtrength, firm the ſoul ſtands
Unmoved, unembaraſs'd, undiſmay'd.
Sparkles her eye, with heaven-born courage fir'd,
Inſuring conqueſt; free from fear's alloy
A David, yea a Gabriel * now ſhe ſeems!
Confuſion fills her foes; appall'd at once
They quick retire, nor dare to feel the weight
Of that tremendous ſword ſhe keeps in hand.

AMBITIOUS of the honours held in view,
(And ſuch ambition God Himſelf approves)
A crown,

* Alluding to *Zechariah* xii. 8. In that day ſhall the Lord defend the inhabitants of Jeruſalem, and he that is feeble among them ſhall be as DAVID; and the houſe of David, as—the ANGEL of the Lord.

A crown, a throne, a kingdom all-divine,
The heaven-taught ſoul in military garb
Bold marches on, nor fears the mightieſt powers
That dare obſtruct her courſe: Suſtain'd by Thee
Thou SPIRIT of Power, far more than conqueror,
Invincibly victorious ſhe appears!

THY arts inſidious, Fiend of hell accurſt,
Avail no more than billows that aſſault
Some rock deep-rooted in old ocean; chaf'd
To find his liquid empire thus curtail'd,
The whiten'd ſurge, conglob'd around, now foams,
And oft with hideous hurricane aſcends,
As oft repell'd; the craggy precipice
Unmov'd remains, and lifts its towering head.

A HOSTILE country ſtill ſhe has to paſs,
Where many an ambuſcade, intent on prey,
Lurks in her path with many a wily ſnare
Deep laid, in hopes to overcome by fraud
As open war has fail'd; but all in vain:

Nor

Nor force nor fraud avails when Heaven aſſiſts.
As when a traveller who all alone
Through a wild wilderneſs poſſeſt by wolves
And beaſts of prey muſt paſs, rous'd by their howls
Oft looks around, leſt ſuddenly attack'd
He fall a victim to their ravenous rage :—
So marches circumſpect th' intrepid ſoul
Heaven-bound, though oft with furious rage attack'd
As oft the foe repels with deadly wound,
Determin'd or to conquer or to die.
The truth ſhe firm maintains (important charge!)
And ſhows a valour worthy of the truſt,
A fortitude divine in every ſcene,
By falſehood unſeduc'd by might unawed.
Nor faints through great fatigue, though ſteep aſcents
She has to climb, where many a rugged path
She muſt direct purſue, with many a pain
To reach her wiſh'd-for home; and the hot rays
Of perſecution's ſun ſo frequent ſmite
With vehement ſtrength: Conducted ſtill by Thee,
All-gracious Leader! Thou the ſtreamlets ſhow'ſt

That

That flow with living water, where her thirſt
She frequent quenches, and at once renews
Her wonted vigour.——Thus her Saviour dear,
Whoſe ſteps ſhe follows, oft when here on earth
Drank of theſe ſtreams to ſatiate His parch'd ſoul
And prov'd their innate virtue all-divine!

At length the borders of the heavenly land,
That better country ſhe ſo long had fought,
Riſe full in view: Joy ſparkles in her eye
Excited inſtantaneous at the ſight.
So joys the pilgrim, who with weary ſteps
Through lonely waſtes untrod by human race,
For many a day diſconſolate has rov'd;
When firſt he ſees the chearful ſeats of men
In grateful proſpect riſing on his view.

Exulting now ſhe ſtands, nor fears thy dart
Grim Death, though greatly terrible to all
Except the blood-waſht fouls, whoſe every power
From ſin, thy only ſting, is fully cleans'd;

And

And from the law, the fount of ſin's great ſtrength
Entirely freed, through living faith in Him
Its great Fulfiller and its glorious End.

TRIUMPHANT now in Him her living Head,
With glory full in view to faith's keen eye,
Through Thy continued aid, O SPIRIT BENIGN!
She menaces her foe, her mortal foe,
The laſt ſhe has to meet; O Death, ſhe cries,
Where is thy Sting? Thy boaſted terror where?
And where, O Grave, Thy Victory ſo renown'd?
My courſe is finiſht, and my warfare o'er,
The truth inviolate I've firmly kept,
And now a crown awaits me, (glorious prize!)
A crown unfading as the throne of God,
Which the Great Judge to me a worthleſs worm
Will freely give, and own me as His Son!

DISMISS'D from earthly bounds, th'immortal ſpirit
Quick wings her flight, and rapid ſoars above
To join her kindred there: She inſtant ſees,

Not by the eye of faith, but face to face,
With majesty and glory bright arrayed,
Her much-lov'd Lord, her Head, her Husband dear
Extatic; sight she long had wish'd to' enjoy.

Happy in Thy embrace, Thou source of bliss!
And all her powers expanded, glad she joins
The well-tun'd concert; songs of sweetest sound
And noblest matter, suited to her state
Enraptur'd strait she sings: Her harp attun'd
Melodious, Thou, Philanthropy Divine,
The pleasing theme afford'st: Thy qualities
Immense, all-glorious, never to be known
Fully, by man or angel, form her lays.
Divested of the clog that oft pent down
Her active powers, with vigour unimpair'd,
The services of heaven (delightful task!)
Incessant she performs. Loud she exerts
Her vocal powers, and celebrates thy praise
Thou Great Three One! in sweetly sounding strains

But though ſhe bathes in pleaſure's nobleſt ſtream
Faſt by the throne of God, ſhe ſtill bewails
Her widow'd ſtate, her partner dear ſhe left
Reluctant low on earth. The glorious form
It ſoon ſhall bear, when rais'd from kindred duſt
She joyful ſees; a body like her Lord's,
Free from defect, and fitted for the bliſs
Of the celeſtial ſtate, ſhe then expects.
She's heard meanwhile to cry, "How long, O Lord,
How long the time, ere Thou avenge the blood
Of thoſe by Thee redeem'd? Oh! haſte the day
When Death Thy final foe ſhall be deſtroyed,
And my lov'd partner reſcued from his jaws!"

Behold! the hour arriv'd, th' appointed hour,
When all within the ſunleſs realms of Death
Are inſtant rais'd, by the ſhrill trump awak'd
To ſleep no more. And oh! how greatly chang'd!
Rebuilt by Thee, Thou Architect Divine!
(Who now Thy powerful aid again diſplays,
Completing what's perfective of our bliſs,)

The body, once perchance emaciate, now,
Shines like the Sun in his meridian height,
Cloath'd in immortal vigour; up 'tis caught
High in the air, to meet its kindred ſoul
And form a junction never more to break.

TRANSPORTED at the ſight, th' inſtinctive ſpirit,
Quick as the lightning's beam from eaſt to weſt,
Right to her old abode returns again
With ſweet and loud acclaims. The work is done;
Freed from the droſs of ſin the ſons of God
Strait riſe to ſcenes of never-ending joy,
Where ſorrow, pain, and death are known no more.

THEIR habitation yonder lo, appears
Pendent in air, a ſuperſtructure grand,
Excelling far whate'er the world beheld!
Its luſtre brighter than the jaſper ſtone,
As chryſtal clear; its glory all-divine,
For God Himſelf dwells there, the THREE IN ONE!
Nor ſun nor moon it needs to give it light,

A

As nature's ſyſtem; bleſt with conſtant beams
From heaven's Eternal Sun, no night is known
But one perpetual day is there enjoyed.
Their bliſs to' enhance, a pure unmingled ſtream
Flows from the throne of God, diffuſing joy
Through all the bleſt abode. On each its banks
Stands the fair tree of life, whoſe various fruit,
For ever fragrant and for ever new,
Yields a delicious feaſt;—whoſe beauteous leaves,
For ever green, afford perpetual health;
All fell diſeaſes utter ſtrangers there.
High in the midſt th' eternal throne appears
Where ſit the SACRED THREE, diffuſing light
Unclouded, filling every heart with bliſs
And pleaſures endleſs as their glorious Source.

SUCH are the joys prepared ere time began
For holy ſouls, ſurpaſſing human thought
As far as heaven does earth: The bliſsful ſcenes
Who, who can paint? What colouring can expreſs

Glory

Glory Divine! Thoughts are too big for words,
And this exceeds all thought! In silence then
Let heaven-born souls Celestial Love admire,
And patient wait the day in faith and hope
When God Himself will satiate every power!

THE END.